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ABSTRACT

The student booklet presents short case studies illustrating the family unit of the Minneapolis Multi-Ethnic Curriculum Project for secondary schools. Thirteen brief chapters describe family life and patterns of different ethnic groups in the United States. They present stories of individuals in groups such as Puerto Ricans, Swedish Americans, Jews, Vietnamese refugees, Japanese Americans, Blacks, Italian Americans, Armenian Americans, American Indians, and Chinese Americans. Chapters also describe adoption procedures, the custom of Japanese picture brides, how to do a family tree, and the changing Chinese view of womanhood. A chapter on family patterns presents a chart comparing the characteristics of a traditional family with the characteristics of first and second generation ethnic families in the United States. Many styles of living are described, including single parent families, and families headed by grandparents. Some of the stories are first person accounts, while others are descriptive. (CK)

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TENTATIVE

MINNEAPOLIS Multi-Ethnic Curriculum Project - FAMILY UNIT

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IX

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MINNEAPOLIS PUBLIC SCHOOLS

MINNEAPOLIS MULTIETHNIC CURRICULUM PROJECT

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JUAN GONZALES

My family is very close and we try to help each other. Like my brother is about fifteen now, but he doesn't think like me, on his own.

My one sister is nineteen. You know, everybody thought she was going to turn out wrong. She was very popular in school. She didn't like school because she just didn't get it. She wanted to go out all the time. My mother just kept her close in the house, cooking and cleaning, you know. Then she married this nice, old-fashioned guy and they live good together. She's got a little baby and they are doing all right. The only thing is, now she and the baby have to stay with us for a while. It's kind of crowded. My sister was afraid in her own house. Somebody came in and robbed them. Twice, three times that happened and she won't stay there any more.

My other sister -- she's about twenty-one -- she would never come here to New York. She's in Puerto Rico with my grandmother and my mother can't get her away. It seems dumb, but so far she's the only one of us to graduate from high school.

I haven't been to Puerto Rico since I left when I was six, but I remember what it was like there. It was like being in a mudhole. You can't get out until someone who likes you -- that's my mother -- pulls you out of there. That's the way I feel about Puerto Rico.

My mother finally got fed up. Even though it meant leaving us for a while, she went to the United States. We had to stay in my father's father's house and there we had a nice time. Every time we got up in the morning until we got to bed at night we were either beat up or cursed at or something like that. My father hardly stayed at home. He was

always drinking and fooling around with other women. He thought himself a playboy. He's sort of ridiculous, you know, an old man going out there trying to prove he's young.

But now it's different. Like my mother, you know, she's been through it. Before, she would yell all the time, yell and scream and hit us. But now, no fights, no arguments.

Like it's the atmosphere. I mean, you're not talking the way you were before because the past couple of years you don't have to fight against anybody else for your food. You can do it on your own. And this way, you feel more reliable, like to yourself and to others.

My mother even got to be a floor lady. She had studied from nothing, I mean, working on a sewing machine she didn't even know how to operate and now she can take a machine apart and put it back together and she knows all types of different machines. She was a floor lady for a long time, so now she knows that wherever she goes in New York, if anything goes wrong on us, she can always find a job.

You know, it is a funny thing about my family. My father wasn't ever really with us. Since I came to New York, my father has never been with us. My mother divorced him after we got here and that was it. He was supposed to pay alimony and he was paying fifteen dollars I think. As the years grew, went by, he started to slow the payments and then didn't want to pay at all because we were getting a little older. And it said right there that he had to pay until we were eighteen. My little brother is only fifteen and he hasn't paid for over a year now. But we don't bother with him.

I used to see him. My mother wanted us to see him because they -- my mother and my stepfather -- they wanted us to know our real father.

But I stopped seeing him. I didn't like him because I remembered what he had done to me and my sisters and my little brother and my mother in Puerto Rico.

Anyway -- my father. My father. My real father. I don't know what job he had in Puerto Rico. I don't really know. But here he was a dry cleaner. You know, a guy that presses suits and shirts and things like that. I remember one day, about three or four years ago, he came to my house and my mother asked him for the alimony money. He didn't have it and my mother told him he better start paying up or she was going to take him to court. Well when she said that, he started getting wild, you know, going haywire.

My mother was remarried by then, but her husband was working and my real father had just come along for a visit. Well, I was in the other room when I heard that screaming and yelling and all that, and I came in and I told him to get out. All of a sudden, just like that.

I know I should respect my father, but I have no respect for him at all. I told him to get out or else I would throw him out and I was pretty big by then. I was ready to do it. My father, my real father, cursed at me and he said to my mother, "Is this what you bring up?" And I said to him, I looked right at him, and I said, "At least she stays."

I don't know, he never showed up again, and then I haven't seen him for such a long time.

But my mother is the one in this world that I count on. You see, I can do everything wrong. I can be the worst kind of person. I can kill somebody. But as long as I know my mother doesn't approve, I don't go near him, see? Because my mother's gone through a lot over these

past years for us. And you want to pay her back, but you have no money or anything.

Like times the cops pick you up and bring you home in a police car? The people that know me, they believe me that I didn't do anything, but the people that don't know me, they hear gossip. And you know what, that is the worst thing. The only reason I don't break out and start yelling at those people is because of my mother. Because she has to live there, you know. I don't want people to talk about her like she's raising a lunatic or something.

Because most of the time, my mother and me, we have an understanding. Once when I was about ten, what I did was to go off by myself because I didn't know how to scream you know, how to make out. My mother was mad at me for something I did and she started hollering at me and I didn't think it was right. So I went off by myself.

I stayed around some ditches all night and about two o'clock I came home. When I came into the house, nobody spoke to me. I went into the bathroom, washed my hands, my mother put the plate on the table, and I started to eat.

But then she started to cry and that made me feel bad. I didn't know why she was crying until my sister and my little brother got me in the room. They asked me why I ran away and I said, "Run away?"

My mother was listening at the door and then she knew that I didn't run away and we had sort of an agreement. But I was always going out then. I never stayed home from the time I was about eight. I would come home and sometimes I would do my homework and then I'd run out. That was all right for me though. I mean my father wasn't there.

LIFE IN A SWEDISH FAMILY

In 1922 we came to live with my grandparents. Theirs was a humble life with old country ways. It was like a little bit of Sweden.

Grandpa was a tall man, slightly bent with age. At seventy years he had nice features in spite of wrinkles and a couple of warts.

When it was cold there was Grandpa with a twine tied around his waist and ankles to keep his overalls and jacket snug against the northern breezes. He wore huge overshoes that whoofed when he walked.

Time was not too important in the easy going community.

Grandpa had been a miller and had taken the millstones with him from Sweden. He would blow the whistle of the steam engine to signal that he was ready to grind the farmers' grain.

My father was a victim of the flu that took many lives in 1918. He was a sturdy man but death played no favorites. My mother was left with three small children and a mortgaged farm. She had no choice but to bring us to Grandma's nest that had already sheltered a large family. She was none too happy when we came as we were noisy and full of curiosity.

Grandma kept her old country ways and didn't learn the American language. Manners were crude: you scratched where you itched, drank you coffee from a saucer, ate your cake in your hand.

Grandma would sit sideways at the table. Maybe she got the posture from her many pregnancies or from having to wait

continuously on her brood. She would pour the hot coffee in a saucer, rest her elbow on her tummy, dip her sugar lump, blow some ripples to cool it and sip and all was well.

The kitchen was Grandma's fortress and a genius she was. She had to be to survive in the back woods with her large family. She was the queen of the pots and pans, seldom smiled, she did her thing and it all came out good.

Grandma's place consisted of the famous wood stove. The cream separator had a place of honor in the kitchen; it provided us with a merry-go-round as we would swing on the sturdy trays and watch Grandma. Poor thing, she always had an audience; no wonder she was irritable; she never had any privacy whatever.

The living room had a tall organ that no one played except my aunt. When she came home for a visit we watached while she played.

The folding bed was decorated with a fern, a bible, and lots of dust from the ashes of the pot bellied stove that Grandpa kept going. He kept us toasty warm. He was always chopping or carrying wood. It was a good way for taking out any frustrations.

The bedroom was small, but it included a square table full of house plants. The beds seemed to have some weak silly springs that made the bed more like a hammock after much use. We took them for granted as everyone seemed to have the same kind.

We were a Protestant community. A Catholic was a curiosity

and was pointed out. I couldn't figure out how any one could be a Catholic. We had never seen a priest or a nun. In summer they had tent meetings in town that were well attended. The services were in Swedish and had a wallop that kept you till next June when the process was repeated again.

In the winter the same people would come for cottage meetings. They prayed till they were in a trance. The rest of us couldn't understand them. They told me it was the Lord speaking and I couldn't understand.

Christmas was the time we made up for the rest of the year. It started on the thirteenth of December and lasted a whole month. Many sweets were baked; lutefisk had to be prepared from the dry cod. Lefsa was ready, huge ones. I wonder why they thought they had to be so big and difficult to handle. The tree was freshly cut and hung with childish decorations and candy and popcorn. Later we celebrated the end of Christmas by eating all this.

Christmas eve you could expect the Yule boks (Christmas fools). It was much like our halloween; they looked for treats or maybe a drink. The difference was that they were invited in for a social time since we knew who was hiding under the costume.

The feasting began with all the sand bakkelsares, fattig mond, rossettes, doughnuts, and sugar cookies.

We played charades until late at night. My uncle was the life of the party.

When I reached ten we moved away. In time mother remarried. We finally had a home, but my stepfather had been a bachelor all his life and was not used to all those children.

THE GREENBERGS

"I can't imagine myself doing anything but teaching!" said Eugene Greenberg.

"I don't think the pay's enough," added Lenore Greenberg. "But he gets lots of vacation. And I'm happy to have him in a job he likes. I don't think he'd enjoy driving a truck."

The Greenbergs live in a two-story home in the heart of Brooklyn, New York. Mr. Greenberg teaches art at a Brooklyn public high school. Mr. Greenberg does not earn a very large salary. He says, "with the rise in prices and my kids growing up and eating more it doesn't seem like much."

A member of the United Federation of Teachers, Mr. Greenberg believes that the union has given teachers a needed boost.

"We've done better in New York since the federation has been given some strength," he commented.

"Some people say the unions aren't 'professional,' but the point is we were not being treated like professionals. I used to think teachers shouldn't strike. When I raised my own family, I realized how tough it was. The union was needed."

Even on a teacher's salary, however, the Greenbergs feel they are doing O.K. They are remodeling their house. Mr. Greenberg has removed walls, nailed plasterboard, sanded floors. His wife has sewn drapes and inlaid the fireplace with mosaic tiles. Their attic still has a workbench. The remodeling goes on.

"Lenore is certainly long-suffering," said Mr. Greenberg. "I don't think she can hope for minks in the near future. I don't know many

other people who would wait so patiently.

"One nice thing about the house," he added, "we have a back yard where the kids can play. It's small but we can also grow fruit; apples, figs, and enough plums for one good pie a year.

Both Lenore and Eugene were born and raised in Brooklyn and attended Brooklyn College. Lenore stopped working when her first child came along.

"We don't think the kids should be left on their own," said Mr. Greenberg. "I know how it is when the youngster's in school say, 'What's the sense of going home? No one is there.' There's no question in my wife's mind that her primary job is at home."

"But when the kids are grown," interrupted Mrs. Greenberg, "I'd like to work again, maybe as a kindergarten teacher."

Today the Greenbergs have three children. Ten-year-old Stanley is a fifth grader in the "intellectually gifted class." Hollie, a redhead, is eight, and little David, the youngest, is five.

Unlike parents who have rushed into the suburbs to bring up their children, the Greenbergs are happy with the advantages of city living. As Mr. Greenberg put it, "I traveled in Europe but I came to the conclusion that when you leave New York you don't go any place!

"Last Saturday my wife took the two oldest children to the Young People's Philharmonic concert in Manhattan, while Davie and I went to the new Whitney Museum. We don't push the kids in any direction but we try to give them a cultural background."

The two older children have a "cultural" schedule. Hollie studies painting and Stanley studies clay sculpture at the Brooklyn Museum. Stanley attends a greenhouse course at the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens.

Both take piano lessons, and Hollie also goes to a ballet class. In addition, there's Hebrew School on Sundays.

"Lenore and I aren't strong on religion," explained Mr. Greenberg. "But to give them a background, I thought they should attend some classes. Besides, my mother-in-law prefers it that way!

"Although we rarely go to church, we feel our Jewishness. We have no thought of dropping it. We do try to follow the Golden Rule and obey the Commandments."

"Of course when you reach a low point," put in Mrs. Greenberg, "you think you believe and you reach out for something."

"Mostly we want our kids to grow up to do what they want in life and not what we want," her husband stressed.

"I'd like them to go to college and do something worthwhile," replied Mrs. Greenberg, "I get the impression today that everyone wants only money. I'd like something else in them like helpfulness to others."

Her husband agreed.

"We want our children to be financially well off in life," he said. "But I don't think that's the end-all. We think that if they're comfortable in the things they are doing, even if they aren't the richest people on the block, they will be happy.

A VIETNAMESE REFUGEE FAMILY

The Buddha on the wall looks down on Dang Thi Thu Nguyet in her small American apartment. It reminds her of her husband, parents and relatives left behind in Vietnam.

"Sometimes I lie down here and look at the Buddha," she said. "At home I have a Buddha statue like that. So I miss them. The Buddha say that people in the world are very suffering. If people not want to suffer, they should keep their mind relaxed and meditate. I try to meditate, but it is also very hard."

Mrs. Nguyet had hoped that her husband made it out of Vietnam. Afraid to resettle without her husband, she wrote a letter to President Ford asking for help to find him.

Now she lives in Minnesota with her five children. Mrs. Nguyet realizes that her husband, a former army officer, must still be in Vietnam. Now she hopes that the American and Vietnamese governments will allow her husband to leave. At least she hopes they will allow her to go back to visit.

While keeping that new hope, Mrs. Nguyet stays in her two-bedroom apartment. She is recovering from an operation. She is thinking about the kind of job she might get.

Meantime, her children have joined into American society. Her 17-year-old son goes to high school and works part-time in a restaurant. Her teen-age daughters do shopping and cooking. Her younger children enjoy playing in the snow.

Mrs. Nguyet is only one of many refugee women whose husbands

remain in Vietnam. The federal government found in a survey that half of 1,570 refugee heads of households are women.

Mrs. Nguyet's sister said the separation is hard for refugee women in this country.

"Vietnamese families are very close together," she said. "One depends on the other to survive. The husband depends on the wife for housework and food. The wife depends on the husband for livelihood. What can she do here? She feels lost. She cannot make decisions."

Mrs. Nguyet is considering training here to be a computer-keypunch operator.

Religion, culture and togetherness help to ease the pain of separation. Some refugees are talking about forming a Buddhist group to meet regularly. Most of them eat Vietnamese-style meals at least once a day. Many of them talk with each other by telephone. It solves the transportation problems—some gather in their apartments or meet for organized social events.

The refugees also hope soon to establish a cultural center. This also would give Americans some things from their culture.

"Who can help them? Only a Vietnamese can help them," Mrs. Nguyet's sister said. "If they do not know the language, they cannot share feelings. People call and talk and talk. I just listen."

Mrs. Nguyet doesn't go out much. She has no transportation. Members of the sponsoring Corpus Christi Roman Catholic Church in St. Paul provide rides when necessary. She has not met

anyone in her apartment.

"It is very different in Vietnam," she said. "In Vietnam they keep the doors open so they can come in to talk. It is very different here. They keep the door closed because of the weather. So it is very hard to see people to talk."

Her apartment is now the center of her life. At one corner is the trophy her oldest son won in a table-tennis tournament. On the wall is the Buddha. She reminds her children every night to pray to Buddha so that they'll remember his teachings.

When her children ask about their father, Mrs. Nguyet tells them not to worry. She doesn't want them to suffer as she does. But her oldest son has cried at night about his father. He doesn't tell his mother. He doesn't want to hurt her.

ADOPTION OF THE OLDER CHILD

Joseph Twitty wanted a son of his own. But he was nearly 50. The chance that he would be a parent was fading. Yet he could have given such a son many advantages. He and his wife, Cordelia, a social worker, have a large, comfortable home. There is a large back yard. A youngster could play there. The couple decided upon adoption as the answer.

The Twittys, naturally, had ideas about the kind of child they wanted. Good health and a better than average mind were the most important. But unlike most couples, they weren't too concerned about the age of the youngster. Most would-be adoptive parents usually ask for infants. They think that the younger the child, the better are their chances of influencing its development.

"Oh no, that was never an issue," says Mrs. Twitty. She is now the mother of little Joseph II. She and her husband adopted him 20 months ago when he was three years old. "Three was still pretty young in our case. We were also able to do more things—play with him, take him on vacations and so forth. Around this family, we're always on the go."

Older adopted children present far more challenges than a child or infant under two. But older children have many things to offer. The older child will be well into its development. Physical appearance, emotions and other characteristics will show up by the age of three.

As for older couples, adopting older children might be more in line with the couple's living patterns. The older child is more expensive to take care of. Older couples often have better incomes.

The older child, on the other hand, often needs special attention. Older children very often can be trying. The child often tests his new parents' love. There will be days when the patience of the parent will run out.

It was about five years ago that the Twittys began considering an adoption. "Somehow, I just wanted a son," says Twitty, who is a vice president at Drexel National Bank in Chicago.

Finally, they contacted the Chicago Child Care Society. As Twitty now recalls: "We had absolutely no hang-ups about race. We wanted a boy, and we wanted him to be a human."

The agency told them of a child then living in a foster home in Phoenix, Arizona. The couple decided to visit Arizona to see the child. Their decision was made. After a short wait, they returned to their home with an addition to the family.

There was a time when would-be adoptive parents were very strictly screened. They are still screened carefully, but things are changing. People were required to make so much money. At least one parent had to devote full-time to the day-to-day care and feeding of the child. Where blacks were concerned, things were even tougher. Attitudes are

changing, but even today there are few black-controlled adoption agencies. Many blacks, as a result, have not trusted the agencies. Agencies are now trying to change this. Many are opening offices in black communities. A few have placed blacks on their staffs.

Another new development has been the growing acceptance of single adoptive parents. Indeed, an unmarried man or woman can now adopt a child almost as easily as can a couple. He or she must guarantee that the child will get enough care and guidance. This can be provided—if the parent must work—by a mother, sisters or other members of the household. Single women are good prospects in the opinion of adoption officials. More educated women have decided not to marry. They favor a career. And many single women have the incomes to take care of adoptive children.

Agencies ask four basic questions: Does the applicant have good social relations? Is the applicant healthy? Does the applicant have a good family back-up? And does she/he have a steady job and good income?

A waiting period is usually needed. This may be from a few weeks to many months. In most states the period is about six months. Usually the parent is allowed to visit the child. In most areas, the waiting period for girls is a little longer than that for boys.

JAPANESE PICTURE BRIDES

Very few Japanese women came to America in the early Japanese immigration during the late 1880s through the 1890s. Within 20 years many young Japanese males began to bring over wives. The beginning of Japanese female immigration to America was about 1900. It continued until the Japanese government stopped it in 1920.

In 1900 out of the total Japanese population of 24,326 in America there were only 985 females. There were about 24 males for every female. This was changed with the coming of additional females. In 1910 the number of females increased to 9,087. By 1920 there were 22,193 out of the total population of 111,010.

The immigration of these women made the Japanese American family possible. It produced the second-generation. This changed the Japanese-Americans from a society of single male sojourners* to permanent immigrants.

This great change came from the "picture-bride" practice. For the Japanese males in America there were many ways to get a wife.

On the one hand, it was easy for those who had married before leaving Japan. After settling in this country, they

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*Sojourners are people who leave their country to live temporarily in another. After they have made enough money, they return home.

simply sent for their wives.

But the problem was not as easily solved for most Japanese males. They were still single. If they had the chance, some married single Japanese women already here. Such chances were rare.

Most single men turned to one of two other ways to get wives. Many returned to Japan to look for them—usually in their home villages. They married while there and came back to America with their new brides. This method was not the most common. It was only for those who had enough money. It was very expensive. Most single Japanese males chose picture brides.

Picture-bride marriages grew out of the omiaikekkon or arranged marriage. A go-between carried out the arrangements between Japanese families. Except that the partners did not meet during the arrangements and were not both present at the wedding ceremony, the picture-bride marriage followed all the recognized social rules for marriage in Japan.

It was a legal marriage as soon as the bride was put in her new husband's family register. To apply for a passport to America, the bride showed a certified copy of her husband's family register. Her name had to be entered in it for at least six months.

The coming of the picture-bride added to the anti-Japanese movement. One of the chief arguments against the Japanese was that they could never learn "American" ways. The picture-

brides proved this, some people said. They thought picture-bride marriages were an immoral social custom against American Christian ideals. Of course, this was not true.

Because of these arguments and U.S. Government pressures, the Japanese government stopped giving passports to picture brides in 1920. This left nearly half of the adult Japanese males still single in America. They had no hopes of getting married. This hurt the Japanese. They believed, "no matter what possessions a man may have, he is not a success unless he is married and has a family...to fail in this is to fail in life."

It is difficult for us to imagine the experience of the Issei (first generation) pioneer woman from the time of her marriage to her arrival and settlement in America. Excerpts from accounts written by some of them will provide some insight into their experience. How did a picture-bride feel and think about her marriage and her future in America? One picture-bride tells of her husband:

"I had only distant ties with him. Yet because of the talks between our close parents and my parents' approval, I decided upon our picture-bride marriage."

The family in her case—indeed, in most marriages—played the important role. Her decision was based on it. The prospects of coming to America must have been seen with mixed emotions. On the one hand, there is the example of a wife whose husband had preceded her to America:

"I was bubbling over with great expectations. My young heart, 19 years and 8 months old, burned not so much with the prospects of reuniting with my new husband, but with the thought of the New World.

My husband had returned to Japan to seek a wife. He wore a Western style high-collar suit at our wedding. He told stories about America which were like dreams to me. Being reared in the countryside, I listened with wide-opened eyes. Thus, I thought about how heavenly America was."

But still there were husbands who were truthful:

"My unknown husband had said," according to another picture-bride, "'If you come with great expectations about living in an immigrant land, you will be disappointed.' I had received letters which said that if I intended to see things through without giving up, then I should come to America."

The passage across the Pacific was a mixture of sadness at leaving Japan and fear of the future. Now the women were actually on their way to meet and live with their husbands in a new land.

As soon as the women arrived, it was common for the husbands to whisk them to a clothing store. The Japanese were well aware that the Chinese had been excluded in 1882. Since the Chinese had not adopted Western-style clothing, the Japanese believed the Chinese had shown they could not learn American ways. To avoid the same treatment, Japanese husbands had their

new brides buy Western clothing to replace the traditional Japanese kimono. A picture-bride described this event:

"I was first taken to this Western clothing Store. At that time a suit of Western clothing cost from $25 to $28. Because I had to wear a tight corset around my chest, I could not bend forward. I had to have my husband tie my shoe laces. There were some women who fainted because the corset was too tight. In my case, I wore a large hat, a high-necked blouse, a long skirt, a buckled belt around my waist, high-laced shoes, and, of course, for the first time in my life, a bra and hip pads."

Once the first meeting with America was over, the new life with their husbands began. That was anything but easy. One woman wrote:

"At the farm to which I went, I had to draw water by bucket from a well....I boiled water and put it into a tub. There was no electricity. I used oil lamps. No matter how backward Japan may have been, this was life in the wilderness. Still I worked hard alongside my husband."

Besides doing the regular chores of cooking, washing, cleaning, and sewing, the woman labored long hours in fields or shops. A woman tells of her early work:

"At the beginning I worked with my husband picking potatoes or onions and putting them in sacks. Working with rough-and-tumble men, I became weary to the bones. Waking up in the mornings I could not bend over.

Sunlight came out about 4:00 a.m. during the summer. I arose at 4:30. After cooking breakfast, I went out to the fields. There was no electric stove or gas like now. It took over one hour to cook with wood.

As soon as I came home, I first put on the fire, took off my hat, and then I washed my hands. After cooking both breakfast and lunch, I went to the fields."

Work was not less difficult in the cities. Take, for example, the case of a woman whose husband operated a laundry:

"...I started at 5:00 p.m. to prepare supper for five to six persons, and then I began my evening work. The difficult ironing remained. Women's blouses in those days were made from silk or lace, with collars, and long sleeves and lots of frills.

I could only finish two in one hour, ironing them with great care. I worked usually until 12 to 1 a.m. But it was not just me. All women who worked in the laundry business probably did the same thing. Most of these women had to raise their children by themselves. Even if they worked, they still had to do housekeeping and childrearing. As one woman said:

"My husband did not think of helping in the house or with the children. No matter how busy I may have been, he never changed the baby's diapers. Though it may not be right to say this ourselves, we pioneer women from Japan worked only for our husbands. At mealtime, whenever there was not enough food, we served a lot to our husbands and took very little for

ourselves."

From these brief stories, it is clear that these were truly remarkable women. They showed strength and courage to stay and survive.

BORN IN BONDAGE: HISTORY OF A SLAVE FAMILY

"Letty" Campbell was born to plantation owner Samuel Campbell and his mulatto slave, Mary. Letty grew up as a slave.

Her own marriage brought hope for freedom. Her white father promised that she and her children would be given freedom in his will. Letty married Daniel Clarke, a Scotsman. They had ten children. One died very early. (See page 2 for Clarke Family Tree.)

Early childhood gave the Clarke children the only taste of family life they were to know. By day, Letty served as cook in the mansion house. In the evenings, her husband told Scot legends and sang folksongs for his children.

But for slaves, family unity was only temporary. These children were slaves.

Samuel's married daughter, Betsy Campbell Banton, returned to the plantation for the wedding of her younger sister, Polly. She found out that Polly was to be given a boy and a girl slave. Betsy wanted to have a boy slave herself. Mrs. Banton ordered that the slave boys be lined up. She made her choice—Lewis Clarke.

Her father argued that she was breaking up the Clarke family. But she would not listen.

Mrs. Banton carried off six year old Lewis. Her cruel treatment of the fightened child began at once.

A few times, Letty was able to send him some small treat—an apple, or a sugar plum—from the plantation. Young Lewis would comfort himself with these signs of his mother's love.

CLARKE FAMILY TREE

Samuel Campbell (white) owned Mary (slave)

Letty married Daniel Clarke

Archie	Dennis	Christiana	Alexander	Died in Infancy	Lewis	Delia	Milton	Manda	Cyrus

In the ten years with the Bantons, Lewis was allowed to see his family only three times.

In 1831 Samuel Campbell died, but the will which was to grant freedom to Letty and her children was never found.

Letty and her family were included in the estate. Letty's husband, now old and ill, was angry. He fought for his country's freedom, he said bitterly. Must he now see his own wife and children sold to the highest bidder?

Mother and children were sold at prices ranging from $300 to $800. One Campbell daughter bought Letty and three of the children—Milton, Delia, and Cyrus. They and Letty's husband lived together.

A few years later Delia would be sold. Letty wanted to find friends to purchase her daughter's freedom. But, Delia was chained to a gang of one hundred and sixty slaves, and sent to New Orleans for auction.

The same year Delia was sold, 1833, Letty died. This left only Milton and Cyrus together. Their father had died some time before. They were sold to Deacon Archibald Logan. The Deacon made Milton his house servant. Cyrus was put to work elsewhere.

Lewis, at sixteen, was sold to a planter, Tom Kennedy. Four or five years later, Lewis was inherited by Kennedy's son.

Milton later worked on the Mississippi as a musician for his master. In New Orleans he was able to locate Delia. The two had muc

to discuss. He gave her news of her brothers and sisters. From her he learned of her sale and later marriage.

A Frenchman named Coval had paid $1,600 for her. He freed and married her. About five years after her marriage Coval died, leaving her a sizeable fortune. The future looked bright for the Clarke family.

In 1839 Milton brought Delia to Kentucky for a visit. She gave money to an older brother, Dennis, to help him purchase his freedom. She also made arrangements to buy the freedom of Milton and Cyrus.

In the summer of 1840 Delia died.

Some time later both Milton and Lewis ran away. Milton went to Ohio. Lewis went to Canada. "Not till then," Lewis Clarke said, "did I dare to feel that my body was my own....

"My hands, my feet were now my own. What to do with them was the next question. I was entirely alone.

At last he met an old friend who said that Milton was in Ohio. Lewis found Milton.

The Clarke brothers spent the winter and spring doing odd jobs to support themselves. In 1842 Lewis planned to rescue their youngest brother, Cyrus. He started south, crossing the Ohio river. Cyrus lived in a rented house in town. Lewis managed to reach Cyrus' home where he hid in an attic room for a week. Cyrus made his arrangements to leave....

Cyrus wanted to make the escape by horseback. Lewis told him that the punishment, if they were caught, would be worse.

They would be charged with theft as well as with running away. The long journey north on foot was slow and exhausting. Cyrus went on to Canada. After a few weeks there, he decided to return to the States.

So Lewis, Milton, Delia, and Cyrus threw off the irons of slavery. But what of Letty Clarke's other children?

Lewis kept in touch with his brothers and sisters. Archie, the oldest, had never been in good health. He was wise enough to get help from friends. They lent him money to buy his freedom.

He lived long enough to repay these debts. He died a few years later.

Christiana, the second Clarke child, married a free man.

The next brother, Dennis, was helped in gaining his freedom by his sister Delia.

Letty's fourth child, Alexander, was sold to a Dr. Richardson. He was reported as having an easy life. He had no desire to run away or leave Kentucky.

The fifth Clarke child is listed as having died in infancy. Delia, sold down the river and freed by her master, was the sixth child.

Lewis was the seventh child, Milton the eighth, and Cyrus the tenth. The ninth child was a girl named Manda. She died at age fifteen or sixteen.

The story of the Clarke family is not uncommon. Many black Americans today have a similar heritage.

YOUR FAMILY TREE

Tracing down information about people from whom you descended can be both interesting and rewarding. Your genealogy can reveal fascinating facts about your ancestors, where they came from and lived, their occupations, and their children. Who knows, you may be pleased or even startled to find out to whom you are related. Your ancestry should also be of interest to your family and friends.

BEGIN WITH THE PRESENT

Start by putting down present day information that you have at hand about yourself and your parents. Fill in names, dates of birth, death, and marriage, plus place of residence. Then, trace your ancestry back in time. Talk with your parents and take notes on their lineage.

It's also a good idea to contact older members of your family to gather data. Each person you talk to should be able to contribute information on some portion of your ancestry. Combining their facts could result in a fairly complete picture of your family tree for three or four generations.

CHECK THE RECORDS

If you plan to chart your family tree back more than four generations, it will probably be necessary to check the records.

PERSONAL

Certificates of birth and death, marriage licenses.

LEGAL

Wills, adoption records, name changes.

GOVERNMENTAL

Social Security, military, census, passports, tax rolls, voter registration, immigration and naturalization, homestead, pension applications, divorce, foreclosures.

LAND

Mortgages, leases, deeds, maps and plats.

BANK, SAVINGS AND LOAN, CREDITORS

Savings and checking accounts, loans, mortgages, charge accounts.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL

Transcripts, rosters, rolls, membership lists, baptisms, marriages, funerals.

LIBRARIES

Family genealogies, local histories, census records, directories.

FAMILY

Photograph albums, old documents, diaries, letters, engraved jewelry, news clippings, wills, insurance papers, employment records, family bible, organizational records.

CHOOSING A DREAM

As a child I had the usual dreams. I wanted to be handsome as cowboy stars. I wanted to be a hero in a world-wide war. If no wars came along, I wanted at least to be an adventurer. Then I thought of being a great artist.

My mother wanted me to be a railroad clerk. That was her highest ambition; she would have settled for less. She was illiterate. Her peasant life in Italy made her believe that only a son of the nobility could possibly be a writer. Artistic beauty could come only from fine clothes, fine food, luxurious living. So then how was it possible for a son of hers to be an artist?

My family and I grew up together on Tenth Avenue. The area was called Hell's Kitchen. This particular neighborhood could have been a movie set for one of the Dead End Kids. Our tenements were the western wall of the city. Beneath our windows was the New York Central Railroad. Boxcars carried cattle and pigs for the city slaughterhouse. Steers sometimes escaped and ran through the heart of the neighborhood.

My father supported us by working as a laborer for the New York Central Railroad. My oldest brother worked for the railroad as a brakeman. Another brother was a railroad shipping clerk in the freight office. I spent some of the worst months of my life as the railroad's worst messenger boy.

My oldest sister was just as unhappy as a dressmaker in the garment industry. She wanted to be a school teacher. At one time or another my other two brothers also worked for the railroad. Everybody hated their jobs except my oldest brother. He had a night shift and spent

most of his working hours sleeping in freight cars. My father finally got fired because the foreman told him to get a bucket of water for the crew and not to take all day. My father took the bucket and disappeared forever.

Nearly all the Italian men living on Tenth Avenue supported their large families by working on the railroad. Their children also earned money by stealing ice from the refrigerator cars in summer and coal from the open cars in the winter. Sometimes an older lad would break the seal of a freight car and take a look inside. This usually brought down the "Bulls," the special railroad police.

I never came home to an empty house. There was always the smell of supper cooking. My mother was always there to greet me. Sometimes she had a policeman's club in her hand. But she was always there, or my older sister, who preferred throwing empty milk bottles at the heads of her little brothers when they got bad marks on their report cards. I never remember not dining well. Many years later, I realized that our poor family ate better than some rich people.

My mother never used anything but the finest imported olive oil, the best Italian cheeses. My father could get to the fruits coming off ships, the produce from railroad cars. My mother, like most Italian women, was a fine cook in the peasant style.

My mother was as great a person as she was a cook. She was not to be treated lightly. My oldest brother at age sixteen had his own Ford. One day my mother asked him to drive her to the market. My brother had other plans and said he was going to work on a new shift. Work was an acceptable excuse. But an hour later my mother came out of the door of the tenement. She saw the car loaded with three pretty

girls. There was a stone lying loose in the gutter. My mother picked up the stone with both hands. As we all watched, she brought the boulder down on a fender. Then she picked up her bag and marched off to do her shopping.

I finally escaped my mother by going to the Husdon Guild Settlement House. A settlement house is really a club combined with social services. The Hudson Guild had ping pong rooms and billiard rooms, a shop in which to make lamps, a theater for putting on amateur plays, a gym to box and play basketball in. There were individual rooms where your particular club could meet in privacy.

There were young men who guided us as counselors. They were more like friends than adults. I still remember one helping us eat a box of stolen chocolates rather than telling on us. We trusted him after that. The Hudson Guild kept more kids out of jail than a thousand policemen. It still exists today for the new immigrants, the blacks, and the Puerto Ricans.

We weren't all bad. In our public schools one year an appeal was made to every child to try to bring a can of food to fill Thanksgiving baskets for the poor. The teachers didn't seem to realize we were the poor. We didn't either. Every kid in that public school went out and stole a can of food from a local grocery store. Our school had the best contributor record of any school in the city.

Some of the most exciting days in my life were spent at the Hudson Guild. At the age of eleven I became captain of my football team. I was also president of the Star Club.

The Star Club was a gang, really. We had a football team, a baseball team, a basketball team. We had a yearbook. We had our own room,

where we could meet, and a guidance counselor, usually a college boy. We had one named Ray Dooley whom I remember with affection to this day. He took us for outings in the country, to the Hudson Guild Farm in New Jersey for winter weekends.

The Hudson Guild was also responsible for the happiest times of my childhood. When I was about nine or ten they sent me away as a Fresh Air Fund kid. This was a program where slum children lived with private families in places like New Hampshire for two weeks.

As a child I knew only the stone city. I had no idea of what the countryside could be. When I got to New Hampshire, when I smelled grass and flowers and trees, when I ran barefoot along the dirt country roads, when I drove the cows home from pasture, when I darted through fields of corn and waded through clear brooks, when I gathered warm brown speckled eggs in the henhouse, when I drove a hay wagon drawn by two great horses -- when I did all these things -- I nearly went crazy with the joy of it. It was a fairy tale come true.

When I returned home from these summer vacations I had a new trick. I said grace before eating the spaghetti and meat balls. My mother always put up with this for the few days it lasted. After all, the two weeks' vacation from her troublesome child was well worth a Baptist prayer.

MY COUSIN DIKRAN, THE SPEECHMAKER

Twenty years ago the Armenians of California used to think of speech-making as the greatest art. Almost all of them believed that any man who could make a speech was a cultured man. This was so because they themselves were so bad at speech-making, so self-conscious about it, so embarrassed. Most of them worked on farms growing grapes. They were impressed by public speakers who could get up on a platform, adjust spectacles on their noses, look at their pocket watches, cough politely, and, beginning quietly, lift their voices to a roar that shook the farmers to the roots and made them know the speaker was educated.

What language! What energy! What wisdom! What magnificent roaring! the farmers said to themselves.

No farmer was prouder than when his son, at school, at church, at a picnic, or anywhere, got up and made a speech.

The boy! the farmer would shout at his eighty-eight-year-old father. Listen to him! It's my son, your grandson—eleven years old. He's talking about Europe.

The grandfather would shake his head and wonder what it was all about, a boy of eleven so serious and so well-informed, talking about Europe. The old man would scarcely know where Europe was.

The women would be overjoyed and full of amazement at themselves, the mothers. They would look about at one another, nodding, shaking their heads, and after ten minutes of the boy's

talking in English, which they couldn't understand, they would burst into sweet silent tears because it was all so amazing and wonderful.

It was sure that our family would have a speechmaker too. The Old Man, our grandfather, thought of speechmakers as fools.

He was always impatient with any kind of talk, except the most direct. He wanted to know what he didn't know, and that was all. He wanted no talk for talk's sake. He used to go to all public meetings. They never failed to sicken him. Every speaker would watch his face to learn how displeased the Old Man was. When they saw his lips moving with silent curses they would calm down and try to talk sense. If they had learned how stupid he thought them, they would try to get even with him by shouting louder than ever.

Here the Old Man would tap his sons on their heads, these in turn would tap their sons on their heads, these would nudge one another, the women would look about, and together the Garoghlanian family, numbering thirty-seven or thirty-eight, would rise and walk out, with the Old Man looking about furiously at the poor farmers and saying, let's go.

It was certain for the Garoghlanians to produce a speechmaker. It was the will of the people. Some member of the Garoghlanian tribe would naturally find it necessary to show everybody what speechmaking could really be.

This Garoghlanian turned out to be my little cousin Dikran,

who was nine years old.

From the beginning this boy was very bright. But he had little real understanding. He also had the attitude that all knowledge comes from the outside. The Garoghlanians for centuries had come by all their wisdom naturally from within. The Old Man said that any real Garoghlanian could spot a crook in one glance, and would have the good sense to know how to deal with the man.

But Dikran was strictly a book-reader, a type of human disliked by the Old Man. When the boy was eleven, the Old Man was told that Dikran was the brightest pupil at Longfellow School and a good public speaker.

The Old Man said, "When you hear of a boy of eleven being the brightest boy in a school of five hundred boys—pay no attention to it. What's he bright about? Isn't he eleven? What bright? Who wants a child with such a sense of importance? Drive the poor boy out of the house into the fields. Let him go swimming with his cousins. The poor fellow doesn't even know how to laugh."

Every time there was a family gathering the Old Man would look about, see the boy, and groan, My God, the philosopher! All right, boy, come here.

The boy would get up and stand in front of the Old Man.

Well, the Old Man would say, you read books. That's fine. You are now eleven years old. Now tell me—what do you know? What have you learned?

I can't tell you in Armenian, the boy would say.

I see, the Old Man would say. Well, tell me in English.

Here everything would go haywire. This little cousin of mine, eleven years old, would really begin to make a speech about all the wonderful things he had found out from the books. They were wonderful, too. He knew all the dates, all the reasons, all the names, all the places, and what the consequences were likely to be.

It was very beautiful in a way.

Suddenly the Old Man would stop the boy's speech, shouting. What are you—a parrot?

Even so, it seemed that the Old Man was fond of this Garoghlanian. Book-readers were fools—and so were speech-makers—but at any rate our book-reader and speech-maker was not by any means run-of-the-mill. He was something special. For one thing he was younger than the others. For another he spoke a lot more clearly than the others.

For these reasons, he was accepted by all of us as the Garoghlanian scholar.

After World War I, Longfellow School had an evening program of (1) Glee Club Singing, (2) a performance of Julius Caesar, and (3) a speech by Dikran Garoghlanian—a speech entitled "Was the World War Fought in Vain?" At the proper time the Garoghlanians seated themselves in the school auditorium, listened to the awful singing, watched the horrible performance of Julius Caesar, and then listened to the one and only Garoghlanian

speechmaker—Dikran.

The speech was perfect. He proved the World War had not been fought in vain. Democracy had saved the world. Everybody in the auditorium applauded the speech wildly.

That evening at home the Old Man called the boy to him and said, "I listened to your speech. It's all right. I understand you spoke about a war in which several million men were killed. I understand you proved the war was not fought in vain. I must tell you I am rather pleased. A statement as large as that should come only from the lips of a boy of eleven. From a grown man, the horror of that remark would be too much. Continue to read books, and I am sure that by the time you are sixty-seven you will know the awful foolishness of that remark. In a way I am as proud of you as of any other member of this tribe. You may all go now. I want to sleep. I am not eleven years old. I am sixty-seven.

MY EDUCATION

My father hoped that I would grow into an intelligent, attractive "Indian Princess." He took me from our dugout home to begin my education in a one-teacher school.

My father named me "Annie" for his sister. He saw to it that I spoke my first words in English. He did not reckon with the forces of Indian training and tradition. His hope would have had more chance of coming true if he had stayed home more after I was four or five years old. Then he could have watched my education. When he was on the cattle range, he would be gone for six weeks at a time. When he was home, he insisted that I speak good English. He discouraged all Paiute talk.

When my father was away, Mother, my little brother, and I would go back to Indian life. Sometimes Mother would put brother on her back. Then we would go out and hunt wild berries and seeds. We ate the wild berries and learned to grind the seed between the rocks to make Indian meal that tasted real good.

During those days she told us stories of Indian lore. Some legends of old customs had, for generations, been handed down by word of mouth in the Paiute tribe. Besides this, she explained what the white man's coming had done to the country. She also told us how it had affected the Paiute Indians. We took long tramps, going as far as the Lovelock Cave. Long before it was "discovered" we learned how our ancestors, the Nu-mahs, destroyed the Sa-duc-ca tribe by suffocating them with smoke in the Lovelock Cave.

One of the days my father was home, he said, "Annie, would you like to live with Mrs. Carpenter for awhile?" I nodded my head.

"Don't shake your head like a Paiute Indian," he scolded. "Say, 'Yes, Papa,' or 'No, Papa.'"

"Yes, Papa," I repeated.

"That's good," he said.

The next day, Mr, Carpenter came and I went with him. It was my first experience living in a house. In our dugout home on the ranch we cooked, ate, and slept in the same room. It was pleasant living at the Carpenters'. I liked their three boys. Willie was about my age, maybe a bit younger. There was Lumie, named for his father, Luman. Charlie was just a little fellow learning to walk. We fished in the crooked part of the river and played games like tag and hide-and-seek.

Then Papa, without talking to me, arranged with Mrs. Emmons in town for me to stay with her and go to school. Papa gave Mrs. Emmons orders that I was not to go home until he came for me. I was to have nothing to do with the Indians. I could not even speak to my cousins or my aunts. He tried to take me to spend the afternoon with my mother and brothers every third Sunday. It would sometimes be three months before I could go home. Any time during those long months, I was so homesick I could have died.

Papa gave instructions to Mrs. Emmons about caring for me. She was to teach me how to make my bed and take care of my room. She could give me no other work. She was to comb my hair every morning. When I started to school, she saw that I was clean and as well-dressed as any white child. I was to wear white starched aprons. These had pockets trimmed in red and were tied in a bow at the back.

The first schoolhouse in town was a one-room building. It had two entrances, one for the boys and one for the girls. The boys played

on one side of the grounds and the girls on the other. Mrs. Holt was my first teacher. I was the first Indian in Lovelock to go to school with white children. Perhaps I was the first person of the Paiute tribe to go to school at all.

My schoolwork was easy. For a long time I was treated like any other pupil and did not realize that the white people looked down on me. I was considered one of the older girls. At recess time I loved to play with the little girls because I wanted an excuse to exercise.

I had heard that my father was planning to leave my mother. It was hard to believe. One day I felt lonely and sad. I saw my mother. She carried a pack of groceries on her back. My brother Jack was on her shoulder. I jumped over the fence, and followed her. When I was about two hundred feet behind, Jack turned and saw me. Of course he kept looking back at me.

"Be still, Jack," Mother told him. "You are heavy when you wiggle so." But Jack kept turning to look at me.

"What are you looking at?" she asked Jack. Then she turned and saw me behind her.

"Daughter, dear," she said to me, "what are you doing here?" I tried to tell her what I had heard about father planning to leave her.

"Maybe he was just talking," she said. She turned to go and I walked along with her.

"Did you get permission to come?" she asked.

"No," I answered.

"How did you come?"

"I ran away," I told her.

"You had better go back." She began walking faster but I followed

for a little while. She said a second time, "You'd better go back."

I was taken back after about two weeks.

One time, I showed Maude Williams how the Indians got rubber from rabbit brush. We used it for gum. She and I often slipped away from school to get it. When Miss McIntyre caught us chewing it in school, she took it away from us. Once when we had a good supply of it, she asked us for it. We told her we had none. Cora was mad at Maude for not giving her any. She told the teacher we had wads of gum stuck under our desks. In front of the class, Miss McIntyre gave us a good scolding which made us ashamed for fibbing. But we were more disgusted with Cora for being a tattletale.

Later, I lived at home. My brothers and I had our own horses and rode to school. When our ranch neighbor's daughter was old enough to go to school, she sat behind me on my horse.

At school, my favorite subjects were arithmetic and spelling. I was good in both, and in spelling I was usually best of the class. About once a month we had a spelling bee. The teacher gave out words to spell. Any person missing a word had to sit down. The last speller standing, won. I enjoyed this game very much.

One day we spelled for a prize. All the spellers had been spelled down except Emmett Reid on one side and me on the other.

"Emmett," said the teacher, "spell 'nozzle.'"

Emmett: "N-o-s-h-i-l."

"Annie, spell 'nozzle.'"

Annie: "N-o-z-z-l-e."

I received a gold pin and was so proud and happy, but Cora Williams' mother was awful mad. She raised Cain. She said to Cora, "I wouldn't

let that little Paiute spell me down." Then Mrs. Williams came to school and before everybody she said, "I know that little Paiute is not smarter than my girl. She ought not to be in school anyway." And to the teacher she said, "Why don't they put her out?"

My last year at school was interesting and exciting. Mrs. Steve Young was my teacher. I loved to ride horseback and could outride any of the boys or girls. But one day, I was racing with my brothers and my horse stumbled and fell, and I broke my arm. I could not ride to school while my arm was in a sling, so Papa had me stay with Mrs. Emmons while the break healed.

My father sold his ranching interests and moved his stock to Oregon. After my father left, I never went to school again.

FAMILY PATTERNS

As people came to the United States from different countries, they found that many parts of their lives changed. The children of these immigrants grew up, and they also changed some parts of the way they lived. The family has changed a great deal from the way it was in the homelands of the many different American ethnic groups.

When we speak of the traditional family, we usually mean the family as it existed in the old country. Many immigrant families were also traditional; they followed many of the old country ways.

Today traditional families are changing all over the world. As industries have grown in different countries, many changes have taken place. More people have moved to the cities. Large, extended families are not as common as they used to be. Modern family patterns are very different from traditional family patterns.

Many immigrants came to the United States from societies where the traditional family was still the rule. The children and grandchildren of these immigrants usually have kept few of the traditional family ways. As a result, family patterns in different ethnic groups today tend to be very similar. The chart on the next page compares some of the characteristics of traditional families with first and second generation ethnic families in the U.S.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TRADITIONAL FAMILY AND THE FIRST AND SECOND GENERATION ETHNIC FAMILY IN AMERICA

Traditional Family	1st Generation Ethnic Family	2nd Generation Ethnic Family
Characteristics:		
1. Controlled by father; Father has high status	Father is still head of household but loses some status	Tends to be democratic; Father shares his status with family
2. Active participation in a small, closed community	Active in ethnic neighborhood	Part of American community
3. Children live for parents	Children live for themselves	Parents live for children
4. Many family celebrations	Some family celebrations	Very few family celebrations
5. Strong identification as family and ethnic group members	Weakened identification as ethnic group members	Little identification as ethnic group members
6. Many children	Fair number of children	Few children
7. Mother is the center of home only; does not work for wages	Mother may work for wages and belong to some clubs	Mother reserves time for social life and may work for wages
8. Women are educated for marriage only	Women receive some formal education	Emphasis is on general education
9. Boys are superior to girls	Boys are thought of as superior	Boys and girls have equal status in family
10. Selection of mate is by parents	Selection of mate by individual with parental consent	Selection of mate by individual regardless of parental consent
11. Must marry someone in the same village	At least same ethnic group and religion	Increasing marriages outside ethnic and religious groups
12. No divorce allowed	Not allowed, but some do divorce	Divorce more common
13. Family provides a specific way of life	Family is in conflict between American society and old country traditions	Family reflects American society

The following case study shows how one Chinese family changed from one generation to another after coming to the United States. As you read this case, consider the questions below:

1. When this woman was growing up, what things was the family responsible for?

2. How many of these things are done in her family now?

3. What values and beliefs were important to her father?

4. How did these affect the way he ran the family and the way family members acted?

5. What values and beliefs are important to the author of this case?

6. How do they affect the way her family is run?

7. Why have some parts of family life changed and others remained the same?

A CHINESE EVOLUTION

I was raised according to ideals of Chinese womanhood. I was never left alone, surrounded by a family of seven others.

My father was the dominating and unquestioned head of our household. He was not talkative. His business affairs and reading took most of his time. My mother was mistress of the home. Seldom did these two talk before their children.

My father had immigrated as a young man in 1903. Trained in his father's business, he had been offered a position as accountant for an importer in San Francisco.

My father happened to combine free thinking with Chinese beliefs. While attending night classes at the Methodist Chinese Mission in San Francisco to learn English, he was exposed to Christian ideas. The Golden Rule did not conflict with the Confucian beliefs which he had carefully retained. He was a follower of the new Christianity in China.

My father wrote to his family, "In America, I have learned how badly women in China have been treated. I will bring my wife and two daughters to San Francisco, where my wife can work without disgrace, and my daughters shall have an education." He was beginning his own revolution.

To support the family in America, Daddy tried many jobs but finally settled upon manufacturing men's and children's denim garments. He rented sewing equipment and installed machines in a basement where rent was cheapest. There his family lived and worked. The only goal was for all in the family to work, to save, and to become educated.

It was possible, so it would be done.

My father had had only a few years of formal Chinese schooling. He taught himself garment manufacturing, from cutting the cloth to fixing the machines when they broke down. My father figured his prices to include thread, machine use, labor, and his overhead-profit. He was a good bookkeeper. Because of his newly learned ideals, he pioneered for the right of women to work.

My mother was short, sturdy, young looking, and took pride in her appearance. She was at her machine the minute housework was done. She was the hardest working seamstress, seldom pausing, working after I went to bed. The hum of sewing machines continued day and night, seven days a week. She knew that to have more than the necessities, she must work and save. We knew that to overcome poverty, there were only two methods: working and education. It was our personal responsibility.

Having provided the family industry, my father turned his attention to our education. He knew that American public schools would take care of our English. He had to see to our Chinese knowledge. Only Chinese was ever spoken by him or my mother. When the two oldest girls arrived from China, the schools of Chinatown were open only to boys. My father taught his daughters each morning before breakfast. In the midst of a foreign environment, he clung to a combination of the familiar old standards and the newly learned Christian ideals.

My eldest brother was born in America, the only boy for fourteen years, and after him three daughters—another older sister, myself, and my younger sister. Then my younger brother, Paul, was born. That older brother, Lincoln, was treated in the best Chinese tradition. He had his own room. He kept a German Shepherd as his pet. He was tutored by a

Chinese scholar. He was sent to private school for American classes. As a male, he would be responsible some day for the preservation of ancestral graves—his privileges were his birthright. We girls were content with the unusual opportunities of working and attending two schools.

By day, I attended American public school near our home. From 5:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. on five weekdays and from 9:00 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturdays, I attended the Chinese school. Classes were taught by educated Chinese from China. We studied poetry, writing, philosophy, literature, history, and religion, all by memorization. I was made to feel luckier than other Chinese girls who didn't study Chinese, and also luckier than Western girls without a dual heritage.

The Chinese New Year, in late January or early February, was the most special time of the year. Then the machines stopped for three days. Mother would clean our living quarters very thoroughly, decorate the sitting room with flowering branches, fresh oranges, and arrange candied fruits or salty melon seeds for callers. All of us would be dressed in bright new clothes. Relatives or close friends, who came to call, would give each of us a red paper packet containing a good luck coin—usually a quarter. I remember how my classmates would gleefully talk of their gifts. But my mother made us give our money to her. She said that she needed it to give to others.

My mother followed my father's leadership. Because of his devotion to Christian principles, she had economic security. She was extremely thrifty. She accepted the way her mate shaped her life: domestic duties, seamstress work in the factory-home, mothering each child in turn, church once a week, and occasional movies.

Very early in my life, the manners of a Chinese lady were taught to me. How to hold a pair of chopsticks; how to hold a bowl of rice; how to pour tea; not to talk at table; not to show up outside of one's room without being fully dressed; not to be late, ever; not to be too playful—in a hundred and one ways, we were molded to be trouble-free, quiet, helpful, and cooperative.

We were disciplined by first being told, and then by punishment if we didn't remember. Punishment was instant and unceremonious. At the table, it came as a sudden whack from Daddy's chopsticks. Away from the table, punishment could be the elimination of a privilege or the blow on our legs from a bundle of cane switches. My father used the switch, but mother favored a wooden clotheshanger. Once, when I screamed from the sting of his switch, my father reminded me of my good fortune. In China, he had been hung by his thumbs before being whipped by an uncle.

Only Daddy and Oldest Brother were allowed individuality. Daughters were all expected to be the same. To allow each one of many daughters to be different would have posed problems of cost, energy, and attention. No one was shown physical affection. This would have weakened my parents' position. One standard from past to present, whether in China or in San Francisco, was simpler to enforce.

Thirty-five years later, I have four children, two sons and two daughters. In principle we remain true to my father's and mother's tradition, I believe. Our children respect my husband and me, but it is not a blind obedience enforced by punishment. It is a respect from watching us and rounded by friendship. My parents never said "please" or "thank you" for any service or gift. In Chinese, both "please" and "thank you" can be translated as "I am not worthy." Naturally, no parent

is going to say that about a service which should be their just due. There is no literal translation for "sorry" in Chinese. If someone dies, we can say, "It is truly regrettable." But if we regret an act, we say again, "I am not worthy." Now I say "thank you," "please," and "sorry" to my children, in English. I do not think it lessens my dignity. The ultimate praise I ever remember from my parents was a single word, "good."

We show affection. Each child looks forward to his goodnight kiss and tuck-in. Sometimes one or more of them will throw his arms around one of us and cry out, "I love you so."

My son, Mark, has completed more than eight years of night Chinese school, the same one I attended. I have also served on that school board, as my father before me. Nearly every Chinese child in the community of my childhood was sent to night school for some years. Mark's last Chinese grade included only a handful of students. When I enrolled my youngest boy, Lance, in first grade this fall, the principal was worried. The entering students were half the number entering in previous years. I saw parents and grandparents with the little ones who were to be his classmates. These were the parents who cared. The movement of many Chinese-Americans has been to the suburbs. It is no longer practical to send their children to Chinese school in Chinatown. My husband and I have great respect for our Chinese ties and knowledge. We waited many years to purchase a home which would be within walking distance of Chinatown. If a child has difficulty with homework, Chinese or American, he or she can come to see us at our office-studio. We drop everything to help.

As in my own education, the children are learning Chinese history, culture, or what being a member of the Chinese race means. The six-year-

old learns one new word symbol a day. After a week, he knew that one writes Chinese from top to bottom, from left to right. They do not lack time for playing, drawing, reading, or TV. Sometimes they do complain. Chinese is not taught as are subjects at American schools. When they ask why they must attend Chinese school, I say firmly, "This is our standard. If you lived in another home, you could do as they do." Our children chatter among themselves in English. They can understand and speak Chinese when desired. It is a necessity when with their grandmothers. This is different from some children of Chinese ancestry. Many cannot speak Chinese.

As a wife and mother, I have naturally followed my Chinese training to wait on my husband and serve my children. While I have a career, the members of my family know they come first, and they do not pay any penalty for my work. Chinese men expect to be family heads, and to receive loving service from wife and children. They are also helpful as fathers. Nearly all Chinese men I know enjoy being creative cooks on occasion. My husband has given our children more baths and shampoos than I have.

Self-expression, which was discouraged in my father's household, has been encouraged in our family. About two years ago, my husband started this tradition: every Sunday evening each child presents an original verbal or verbal-visual project, based on a news article, a school project, a drawing (since the youngest can't read yet), a film. We correct diction, posture, presentation, in the hope that each will be able to think aloud on his feet someday. Each of the three older children has one or more special friend. I have met these friends at our home. When we entertain our adult friends, our children are included. How else would they learn correct manners and fit into an adult world some day? At their age, I

used to be uncertain and terrified of "foreigners." Thanks to our Western friends, we and our children have been guests at their homes. When they come to our home, the whole family delights in helping to prepare Chinese treats to serve them.

Traditional Chinese parents measure their children against a standard of perfection without regard to personality, individual ambitions, tolerance for human error, or the changing social scene. That kind of parent would not be friends with their children on common ground. Unlike our parents, we think we tolerate human error and human change. Our children are being encouraged to develop their individual abilities. They all draw and can use their hands in crafts. Sometimes I have been asked, "What would you like your children to be?" Let each choose his or her career. The education of our girls will be provided by us as well as that of our boys. My father used to say, "If no one educated girls, how can we have educated mothers for our sons?" I hope each one will be a civilized, constructive, creative, conservative nonconformist.